

## Yea, Verily.

There is only one man who can talk about himself without being a bore.

Man loves the idea of being married; women, of getting married.

We know better where we were aiming when we see what we have hit.

In cases of real love, the girl loses her heart; the man his head, as well.

The difference between this and that depends on where we happen to be standing.

What the curious see on trying to peer into a glass house is often only a blind.

The marriage ceremony is the door leading from fairyland into the everyday world.

He who loves to fight goes down before him who hates to fight.

When a man is in love with a girl, he doesn't know why, and she doesn't care.—Everybody's Magazine for July.

## The Magistrate and the Potatoes.

Down in Cochran, Georgia, the affairs of civil justice are administered by Judge Edwards, who is also a capable and enthusiastic farmer.

One cloudy spring afternoon court was convened to try a peculiarly tortuous and perplexing case. Judge Edwards listened uneasily for a time, with growing unrest, every now and then casting a quick glance through the nearest window. He was observed at last to seize a slip of paper, scribble a few words, place the document beneath a heavy paper-weight, and reach for his hat.

"Captain," he called cheerily, "excuse me fur interruptin' you, suh; you go right on with your argument, which is a darned good one. It's suah goin' to rain this evenin', gentlemen, an' I got to set out my potatoes right away. But you go right on, Captain! When you an' the Major get through you-all 'll find my decision under this heah paper-weight."

And the door closed upon an astonished orator.—Saturday Evening Post.

## Climbing Roses.

The following is taken from The Delinicator for July: June and July are the months to train climbing roses. The hardy climbing roses are the main reliance, in the North, for free effects, and one of the most artistic uses to which they are adapted is for embowering verandas, balconies and doorways. Other picturesque uses for climbing roses are as a covering for summer houses and canopied walks, for arching gateways or festooned from post to post along driveways, using heavy wires for support. A very pretty effect is secured by training a climbing rose to a substantial post of imposing height, the result being a pillar of roses. The crimson rambler is the most satisfactory variety to use for these purposes. Other fine "ramblers" are Psyche, Philadelphia, and the Dawson. Dorothy Perkins, a new climber, and climbing Clothilde Souper will all commend themselves to lovers of roses.

## OUR SOCIAL CHAT

All letters intended for this department should be addressed to "Aunt Jennie," care of The Progressive Farmer, Raleigh, N. C.

## Aunt Jennie's Letter.

We have two letters this week on slave life, and a helpful recipe for apple vinegar. While the prize contest is interesting, it should not stop our members from writing on other subjects. It is intended to supplement the usual letters on general subjects—not as a substitute for them.

I hope that the readers of the Chat will read the article in The Progressive Farmer of June 16th, written by Mrs. Stevens, on "The Improvement of County School Houses and Grounds," to be followed, I understand, by other papers on the same subject. The society of women to which she refers, has already done much good by beautifying school buildings and school yards, and I should like to see a branch organized in every township or school district in the State. But whether or not a regular organization is formed, the women of any community can add to the attractiveness of their school's surroundings by a little well-directed effort.

I hope, too, that the women who read our Chat are doing all in their power to encourage the establishment of rural school libraries. Remember, the last Legislature made a new appropriation of \$5,000 to aid the establishment of six more libraries in each county in the State, and if your school is without a collection of good books, you should seize the opportunity presented by this law. If the patrons of the school raise \$10, \$10 more can be set apart from the district school fund, and \$10 more will be given from the State Treasury—making at the outset at least \$30 for the library. Many a bright child will learn quite as much from one of these libraries as from his text-books. Try to get one for your school.

AUNT JENNIE.

## Cheap Apple Vinegar.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—I send you my way of making apple vinegar. When peeling and preparing apples for canning and drying, I put all the peelings and scraps into a large jar or bucket, then put sufficient water to cover them over. Let them stand a day and night, then squeeze out the peelings. Then sweeten with syrup; put in something to work off; then put away in jugs or barrel. Try this and you will find you have nice, strong vinegar.

MRS. W.

Duplin Co., N. C.

## Negro Life and Character During and After Slavery.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—My father owned only a negro man, wife and four children. They were treated kindly and the husband was the most trusty negro I have ever seen; there was not a white man in the community but that would trust him. He was faithful in every respect, humble and kind, and we children all thought much of him. When the Yankees were coming, the people all hid and

put away all things of much value; this negro helped father and mother at the hour of midnight to hide and put away all they hid and lots of things were trusted entirely to his care and safe-keeping. When the Yankees came, they would go to him the first one to know if there was any thing hid and about his money and gold and silver, but he was faithful to the last, and was not bought over for any price.

We would often slip out to the kitchen to hear them tell their superstitious tales until we would be afraid to go to the house, and he would go with us. We were not allowed to go there if father and mother knew it, but I surely did like to hear them talk and tell their tales.

Some of the negroes were poorly clad and I suppose they had a hard time. There are not many of the old ones living now, but when you see one of them, he is apt to be humble and polite. I would go to stay with my neighbors that owned lots of negroes, and the house work was all carried on by waiting girls—one to wash and put the children to bed; one to set and wait on the table; others to attend to different things. All were kept clean and nice in their dress.

The well-to-do people had a negro to drive their rockaways and carriages for them. These were made with a seat for the driver up above the other seats, placed in front; he was seated entirely to himself. Some of the ladies that wore trailing dresses had a little negro girl to walk behind and carry the dress or trail. The negro houses were built mostly in rows near each other; some farms would have fifteen or twenty houses.

I knew one gentleman that would go to the negro houses on cold nights to see if they had enough cover to keep them warm. Some were much better cared for than they are now and much better raised, for they were taught to be polite.

When the harvest was gathered and the corn hauled to the barns, then was a time of much enjoyment for them. Lots of cakes, pies and all manner of good things were prepared for the night of corn-shucking, and all the invitation that was given was two or three whoops from the family negroes and you could hear them coming from every home in hearing of us. They would begin to hollo as soon as they would leave their homes and would run around the corn pile, slapping and holloing for a while, then would begin shucking corn, all holloing all the while. The farmer would come with his jug and glass, and each one had a toast to say when the corn was all done. Then was the prettiest of it. They would form a line for "the big house," as they called it, and around and around they would go, holloing, slapping, and when they would get to the door-steps, would stop a few moments and dance and slap and hollo. They all holloed the same thing, and could keep time, or they all kept together. When tired of that they would go to the kitchen for their supper, and all enjoyed it. The

whites enjoyed their glee and happiness as much as they did. They would all go away holloing and slapping, and could be heard until they reached their home.

There was a place prepared in church for them, and they sang and enjoyed the services as much as the whites did. They all behaved themselves nicely and did not try to mix with the whites; they knew exactly how to act. I think they were much better cared for, but I am glad they are free, for it must have been a great burden to the minds of the owners.

MRS. S. F. T.

Mount Olive, N. C.

## IV.

Dear Aunt Jennie:—As writers on the subject of slavery seem slow about coming, I will tell your readers of what my father told me of the slaves in Greene County, where he was raised.

My grandfather owned twenty slaves, all of whom seemed very humble and obedient. My grandfather was a very generous man, and treated his slaves kindly. They were well fed and not over-worked.

Some of the slave owners treated their slaves kindly while a few others were less kind. My father and two of his other brothers were in the army; while they fought, the slaves stayed and worked. On one occasion the Yankees visited my grandfather's house, the object in view being to steal a very fine horse of my grandfather's. A negro named Tom took this horse and carried him away and hid him in the forest, until some one from the house went to him and brought them back. One of the slaves ran away from my grandfather and fought with the Yankees, but came back and worked on the place when the war ended. Another one was captured twice, but both times he got away and came home to his old master.

Most of my grandfather's slaves were very faithful, and loved their very kind old master and mistress, and I expect were sorry when they were free. The habits of the slaves on my grandfather's plantation were tolerably good, but they would steal a little sometimes.

After the war had ended and the slaves were set free, they stayed on the farm and worked. Not one of them had any idea or care of how to work for themselves, as this was always the responsibility of their masters.

They did not always "take up" for each other either, as in our time. One of the slaves named Luke stole a pair of blue trousers from my father to wear to a big dance. The slaves told my father, and he went at once to the dance. He got there, and Luke was sitting back in one corner enjoying the music and dancing by taking a little nap. Father ordered Luke home, but about that time my grandfather rode in, quite angry to know that Luke had been stealing. Luke was taken home, whipped, and I guess never stole any trousers again.

NEW WRITER.

Craven Co., N. C.